

The Evening Herald.

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A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

CHANGE in legislative control in New Mexico would seem to be nothing more or less than a plain business proposition to the people of the state. For the past ten years, to do no further back—and the record goes back into the dark ages of the nineties—Republican legislature after Republican legislature has met at Santa Fe. Each and every one has been marked by an absence of anything resembling wise, unselfish legislation for the best interests of the people. Each in turn has been made notable by legislation for personal and private political and business interests. Each one has been made notorious by some scandal like the so-called Hawkins bill of 1904, under which railroads were exempted from the law of the land, and the no less notorious "Room 44" incident of the last assembly, in which the cash for votes was on the table.

Literally we have had Republican assembly after Republican assembly legislating, in publication matters for instance, neither for publishers or people, or for the interests or protection of either, but for the protection of politicians of doubtful reputation and dubious methods, and for the benefit of fee hunting lawyers. In taxation matters, legislating for the big interests, land grant, livestock, mining, and never for the man with a little home and a small savings bank account.

The Republican attorney general of New Mexico has said truly that what New Mexico needs most is a legislature. Mr. Clancy knows. It is not meant to be inferred that there have been no good men in these past Republican legislatures. There have been such men. But in the case of each and every one, they have been overwhelmed; swept aside or run over by the sinister influences which have absolutely controlled the assemblies under the guise of the Republican state organization.

New Mexico has not tried a legislature in which Democrats had had control. It would seem to be a simple matter of business expediency, utterly without regard to politics, to turn down the Republican machine in every legislative district in this state this year and give a fair trial to a new deal in legislative management.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

CHAIRMAN HILLES of the Republican national committee, is a cheerful soul. Most men after experiencing what Hilles did in the last national campaign in the way of general disregard for his views and his feelings would feel like taking at least a conservative view of things. Hilles claimed the election of Taft, three weeks before the cyclone hit him, and it is said by his friends that he actually believed in his claim. It is less surprising therefore that a man capable of such self-deception should be found now predicting that the Republicans will control the next house of representatives. Even had Taft failed to carry Utah, it is probable Hilles still would make this claim. At this early stage in the campaign predictions do not amount to much, especially from a prophet of the Hilles caliber.

It is hardly to be expected that the Democratic majority in the Sixty-fourth congress will be as large as it is in the present congress. Of the 435 members of the house the Democrats have about 250, which is an abnormal majority. The party has lost a considerable number of districts in November and still have an effective working majority.

If the Republicans were united there would be danger, naturally, that the Democrats might lose control in the house. But the progressive and standpat elements of the Republican party are as far apart in many districts as they were in 1912. The differences so apparent in that party in New Mexico are no less apparent in other states where many congressmen are to be elected instead of one. These differences alone would be sufficient to insure a continuation of the Democratic majority even were there a strong turn of popular feeling against the Wilson administration. The utter lack of evidence of any such turn in public sentiment and the presence everywhere of strong popular approval of the president's course makes Demo-

cratic success in November as certain as any political certainty can be. Were present conditions in parts of the east to continue well into the campaign, the calamity howl of big business and the Republican press might have a powerful effect on the return to congress. Long before the election, however, the unprecedented crops will have moved, and a kind of self-demonstrating prosperity will have come which no amount of calamity howling can hope to influence in the face of these conditions. It is doubtful even if as optimistic a political blunderer as Mr. Hilles' own party acknowledges him to be can deceive himself into hopefulness of any material party gain.

Not so large a Democratic majority will be turned to congress, but no one who considers the situation impartially will doubt that the majority will be safe and convincing.

Since the Civil war mid-administration congressional elections have been significant as forecasting the result of the ensuing presidential election. The party that wins two years after inauguration day has been the victorious party at the next general election. All political rules are liable to be reversed, but with the next house Democratic the chances will be strongly on the side of the Democrats in 1916; and naturally so, for it will be taken as a popular endorsement of Democratic policies.

LOOKS BAD FOR WILLIAMS.

W. H. ANDREWS has drawn first blood in the Republican fight for the nomination for congress. The Eddy county committee of the Republicans met yesterday and endorsed Mr. Andrews for the nomination. It has been hinted by kind persons that the influence of the Andrews oil well promotion had a lot to do with this very early and timely endorsement. But this is not at all fair. Eddy county Republicans always have been for Andrews, ever since he first appeared on our astonished political horizon.

The Andrews endorsement was forecasted by the Herald's correspondent several days ago. But a more interesting feature of the Eddy county Republican meeting was a matter of omission. M. S. Groves, chairman of the state corporation commission, is chairman of the Eddy county Republican committee. Hugh H. Williams, Groves' Republican colleague on the state corporation commission, is a candidate for renomination by the Republicans for the post he now holds. The Eddy county Republicans, if their resolutions are quoted to us correctly, enthusiastically endorsed the state corporation commission's work, but utterly forgot to say a word about Williams or his candidacy. This omission seems to lead a deeper color to the rumor that there is an open switch ahead of Mr. Williams, which has been opened and spiked down by the Republican state organization; and that he is due to be ditched.

It is interesting to note that on the same day the Eddy county Republicans forgot to mention Hugh Williams' candidacy for the commission—in which, if the noise can be taken as evidence, he has been the boiler, driving wheels, electric headlight and whistle—a body of a hundred railroad men, each with a vote, unanimously endorsed Williams as the one and only corporation commissioner on the landscape. The boys own the votes, but the machine owns the nomination. It looks bad for Williams.

LOOK WHO'S HERE.

NOW comes the Roy Spanish-American and deposes that Congressman H. B. Ferguson has been getting things done in the pension bureau, citing instances in which Mr. Ferguson has secured pensions and adjusted pension matters for New Mexico people with satisfaction and dispatch. Apparently Mr. Ferguson has been a regular congressman, although he hasn't been saying much about it. It has been generally supposed that the pension bureau was part of the personal perquisites of W. H. Andrews, and that when that gentleman gracefully retired from his official connection in Washington the bureau ceased to exist, so far as New Mexico was concerned.

The New Mexico newspapers while Andrews was in congress used to carry a steady column day after day, recounting the activities of Andrews in securing pensions. In one way or another every pension that ever had been granted to a New Mexico citizen since the war of 1812 got into the Andrews list.

That Mr. Ferguson has been able to form a connection with the pension office and secure action there in behalf of his constituents is gratifying to his friends. It shows commendable enterprise on his part and demonstrates the fact that he needs a press agent.

THE USEFUL COUNTRY PRESS.

THERE is an interesting point for community advisers, and especially those communities seeking to induce agricultural

immigration, in the recent address of W. J. White, press agent for the very successful immigration branch of the Canadian department of the interior, before the recent ad. men's convention in Toronto, on "Advertising the Resources of a Country."

Daily papers and magazines bring large returns in other kinds of business," said Mr. White, "but in advertising the resources of a country—the productiveness of the soil, the procuring of people to work it—they are of small comparative value to the agricultural and weekly country press. These last named mediums reach the class we want—the men to whom arguments about the agricultural resources appeal."

"As for copy, we used two kinds. We kept running almost continuously in the papers we used a small display ad announcing a 160-acre farm in western Canada free, and have given in connection with this a list of agents from whom information could be secured."

This has been supplemented by printing as reading notices letters of actual settlers who have succeeded, descriptive articles detailing the possibilities for the settler, the annual crop statistics, the demand for farm help and such other things as would be of interest to the prospective settler. But in no sense have we attempted to disguise this or make the reader believe that it was anything other than paid advertising for Canada."

Indian Dentists of a Thousand Years Ago

That the art of filling teeth with foreign substances was known to various aboriginal tribes of the Americas hundreds of years before the Columbus era, perhaps even a thousand years ago, is a fact that has been known to archaeologists for some time. Among the leading anthropologists of this country is Dr. Marshall H. Saville, Loushal professor of American archaeology in Columbia university. In his scientific investigations in the west coast provinces of Ecuador and Colombia he has made many valuable discoveries. His first visit to this region was made in the summer of 1906. In a communication to the International Congress of Americanists held at Vienna in 1908, among other interesting details was the following account dealing with the subject of decoration of the teeth.

"Another custom which we found in Esmeraldas, and which, so far as we are aware, is not present in any other part of South America, is the decoration of the teeth by the insertion of inlays in the small perforations cut in the enamel of the upper incisors. This custom of decorating the teeth was quite common in various parts of Mexico, where different settings were used. In the Mayan area, as far south as Salvador, the object most often used for the inlay was jadeite. In Mexico, for example in Oaxaca, I have found hematite used, in Vera Cruz, turquoise has been found; and in other parts of the country settings of rock crystal, obsidian, and a red cement have been found. We have never heard of this custom in Colombia or Peru, but in Esmeraldas, in Atacames, skulls have been found with tiny disks of gold set into the teeth in the same manner as in Mexico and Central America, with the exception of the material."

In the June number of the Bulletin of the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. appears a review of Professor Saville's latest publication, "Pre-Columbian Decoration of the Teeth in Ecuador," in which the reviewer states that the finding of teeth inlaid with gold, turquoise, and other substances, in the skulls and among the skeletal remains of aboriginals who lived in various parts of the American continent prior to the Spanish discoveries has been a matter of peculiar interest. "Whether this insertion of foreign substances in the enamel of the teeth was always for merely decorative purposes or whether at times it may have been to serve a useful end has been a mooted question. The general consensus of opinion among anthropologists is that ornamentation was the sole object."

Last summer Prof. Saville returned from another archaeological trip to South America with numerous valuable specimens, among them being one of unusual interest, described by the professor as follows:

"In the spring of 1913, a Cholo, one of the natives of Atacames, a town in the province of Esmeraldas, about 12 miles southwest of the city of Esmeraldas, found a skeleton in a burial tube on the right bank of the Rio Atacames, just about the town. The skull was found with the teeth inlaid with gold, but the finder contented himself with breaking off the superior maxillary, throwing the rest of the skull away. When I visited the town in June of the present year for the purpose of making some excavations to supplement my former work, I obtained the fragment. The two upper middle teeth are decorated by the insertion of thin gold disks in cavities drilled or bored in the enamel on the face of the teeth. An unusual dental feat, in addition to the decoration, is found in the right middle incisor, but a right lateral incisor which does not belong to the jaw but was implanted to replace the middle incisor. This is such an extraordinary feature that we must weigh very carefully the evidence as to its having been found in the jaw. Indeed there is no reason to doubt that the replacement is a genuine triumph of the ancient dentists of a thousand years ago."

Another skull showed teeth that had been "face-crowned" with gold, the enamel having been skillfully removed down to the dentine and the teeth being in a perfect state of preservation. So much for the Indian dentists of a thousand years ago.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE
Author of "The Fighting Post," "Hillman," "The Trenches," etc.
Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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(Continued from Monday.)

"All right," agreed Bud, as he yielded reluctantly to reason. "It ain't because I'm a Mexican citizen—I just want to stop that rush."

He walked back to the house, juggling his useless gun and keeping his eye on the distant ridges. And then, in a chorus of defiant yells, the men in the federal trenches began to shoot. In an airline the distance was something over a mile, but at the first scattering volley the rebels halted and fired a volley in return. With a vicious spang a few stray bullets smashed against the reverberating steel tank, but no one was hurt, and the defenders, drunk with valor, began to shoot and yell like mad.

The bullets of the rebels, fired at random, struck up dustjets in every direction, and from the lower part of the town came the shouting of the non-combatant Mexicans as they ran here and there for shelter. But by the trenches, and in the rear of the black tank, the great crowd of onlookers persisted, ducking as each successive bullet hit the tank and shouting encouragement as the defenders emptied their rifles and reloaded with clip after clip.

The rifles rattled a continuous volley; spent bullets leaped like locusts across the flat; men ran to and fro, now crouching behind the tank, now stepping boldly into the open; and the defiant shouts of the defenders almost drowned the wails of the women. Except for one thing it was a battle—there was nobody hurt.

For the first half-hour the Americans stayed prudently under cover, busying themselves at the suggestion of a few American women in providing a first-aid hospital on the sheltered porch. Then, as no wounded came to fill it and the rebels delayed their charge, one man after another climbed up to the trenches, ostensibly to bring down the injured.

As soldiers and bystanders reported no one hit, and the bullets flew harmlessly past, their attitude turned rapidly to disgust and then to scorn. Strange as it may seem, they were disappointed at the results, and their remarks were derogatory as they commented on the bravery of pelones and Mexicans in general.

From a dread of imminent attack, of charging rebels and retreating defenders, and a fight to the death by the house, they came suddenly to a desire for blood and battle, for dead men and the cries of the wounded; and all fear of the insurgents left them.

"Come away, boys," grunted the burly roadmaster, who up to then had led in the work; "we wasted our time on that hospital—there'll be no wounded. Let's take ourselves back to the house and have a quiet smoke."

"Right you are, Ed," agreed the master mechanic, as he turned upon his heel in disgust. "This ain't war—them Mexicans think they're working for a moving-picture show!"

"I bet you I can go up on that ridge," announced Hooker, "and clean out the whole bunch with my six-shooter before you could bat your eye."

But the superintendent was not so sure.

"Never mind, boys," he said. "We're worth a lot of ransom money to those rebels and they won't give up so quick. And look at this now—my miners coming back! Those are the boys that will fight! Wait till Chico and Ramon Mendoza get after them!"

He pointed as he spoke to a straggling band of Sonorans, led by the much-vaunted Mendoza brothers, as they hurried to save the town, and a cheer went up from the trenches as the federals beheld reinforcements. But a change had come over the fire-eating miners, and they brought other rebels in their wake.

As they trudged wearily into town and sought shelter among the houses a great body of men appeared on the opposite ridge, firing down at them as they retreated. The battle rapidly turned into a long-distance shooting contest, with the rebels on the ridges and the defenders in the valley, and finally, as the day wore on and a thunderstorm came up, it died out altogether and the rebels turned back to their camp.

Except for one lone federal who had shot himself by accident there was not a single defender hurt, and if the enemy had suffered losses it was only by some chance. But when the Sonoran patriots, holding up their empty belts, came clamoring for ammunition, the man by the big house took in the real catastrophe of the battle.

Seventeen thousand rounds of the precious thirty-threes had been delivered to the excited miners and now, except for what few the Americans had saved, there was not a cartridge in camp. Very soberly the superintendent advised the leaders that he had no

more; they pointed at the full belts of the American guard and demanded them as their right; and when the Americans refused to yield they flew into a rage and threatened.

All in all, it was a pitiful exhibition of hot-headedness and imbecility, and only the firmness of the superintendent prevented a real spilling of blood. The Mexicans retired in a huff and broke into the cantina, and as the night came on the valley re-echoed to their drunken shoutings.

"Such was war as the Sonorans conceived it. When Hooker, standing his guard in the corridor, encountered Gracia Aragon on her evening walk, he could scarcely conceal a grin.

"What are you laughing at, Señor Hooker?" she demanded with asperity. "Is it so pleasant, with a houseful of frightened women and screaming children, that you should make fun of our plight?"

"No, indeed," apologized Bud; "nothing like that. Sure must be bad in there—I stay outside myself. But I reckon I'll soon be over with. The Mexicans here in town have shot off all their ammunition and I reckon the rebels have done the same. Like as not they'll all be gone tomorrow, and then you can go back home."

"Oh, thank you for thinking about me!" she returned with a scornful curl of the lip. "But if all men were as open as you, Mr. Hooker, we women would never need to ask a question. This morning you told me I did not know what I was talking about—now I presume you are thinking what cowards the Mexicans are!"

"Oh, I know! You need not deny it! You are nothing but a great big—Tajano! Yes, I was going to say 'brute,' but you are a friend of dear Phil's, and so I will hold my tongue. If it wasn't for that, I'd—"

She paused, leaving him to guess.

"Oh, I do wish he were here," she breathed, leaning wearily against the white pillar of an arch and gazing down through the long arcade.

"It was so close in there," she continued, "I could not stand it a minute longer. Those Indian women, you know—they weep and moan all the time. And the children—I am so sorry for them. I cannot go now, because they need me; but tomorrow—if Phil were here—I would leave and ride for the line."

"Have you seen Del Rey today? No! Then all the better—he must be policing the town. It is only of him I am afraid. These rebels are nothing—I agree with you! No! I am not angry with you at all now! But tomorrow, just at dusk, when all is still as it is at this time, then, if Phil were here I would mount my brave horse and ride out by the western pass."

She ended rather inconclusively, letting her voice trail off wearily as she waited for him to speak, but something within moved Hooker to hold his peace, and he looked out over the town without commenting on her plans. It was evident to him that she was determined to enlist his sympathy and involve him in her wild plot, and each time the conversation veered in that direction he took refuge in a stubborn silence.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Hooker?" she asked at last, as he gazed into the dusk. "Sometimes I could you see sometimes I try to please you, but I never know what you think! I did not mean that when I said I could read your thoughts—you are so different from poor, dear Phil!"

"M-m-m," mumbled Bud, shifting his feet, and his face turned a little grim. "Aha!" she cried with ill-concealed satisfaction, "you do not like me to call him like that, do you? 'Poor, dear Phil'—like that! But do you know why I do it? It is to punish you for never coming near me—when I signed to you—when I waited for you—long ago! Ah, you were so cruel! I wanted to know you—you were a cowboy, and I thought you were brave enough to defend me—but you always rode right by. Yes, that was it—but Phil was different! He came when I sent for him; he sang songs to me at night; he took my part against Manuel del Rey; and now—"

"Yes!" commented Bud bruskiy, with his mind on "dear Phil's" finish, and she turned to peer into his face. "So that is it!" she said. "You do not trust me. You think that I am not your friend—that I will serve you as he was served. Is that what you are thinking?"

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

WISHED SHE COULD DIE

And Be Free From Her Troubles, but Finds Better Way.

Columbia, Tenn.—"Many a time," says Mrs. Jessie Sharp, of this place, "I wished I would die and be relieved of my suffering, from womanly troubles. I could not get up, without pulling at something to help me, and stayed in bed most of the time. I could not do my housework."

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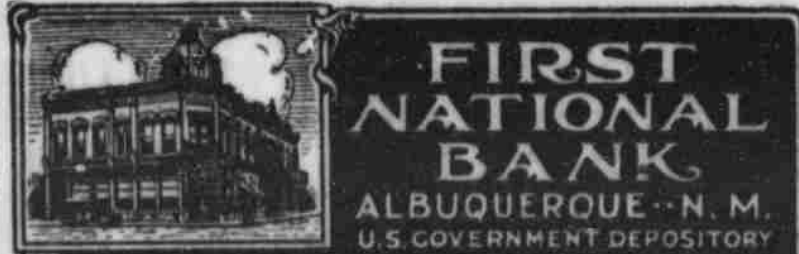
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